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WHO KNOWS IT?



Who can say with truth that he knows New York?

One day a pistol flashes at a roof garden and we have a glimpse of ancient Babylon. Its echoes startle Broadway and penetrate into the homes of fashion. On the next day word goes round the east side that the children of the poor are being

butchered in the school rooms and we are transported to darkest Russia. A girl fury drives a knife into the heart of uncle and aunt and we are in Sicily, the land of blood vengeance. A present goes through the mails and we are in mediaeval Italy with the Borgias.

The country visitor spends a day "seeing New York" from an automobile seat and thinks he knows it. The native to the manner born passes his life in its cafes and clubs and bohemian resorts and thinks he knows. Station him at Houston street and the Bowery when the homegoing human tide is at its flood and ask him if he is sure.

The settlement worker traverses a few mean streets and peers into dark rooms thinking he understands. Slumming parties "do" Chinatown and the Bowery and gain a transient point of view. Ambulance surgeons. detectives, reporters, church missionaries, rounders, inspectors, all whose duties or the pursuit of pleasure bring them in contact with contrasting kinds and conditions of life, feel that they comprehend. How far do they get beneath the surface of things? What real acquaintance do they acquire! with the soul of the city?

It will require a greater than a Balzac to portray even superficially this extraordinary human comedy. Perhaps it has its parallel elsewhere, possibly in London. Yet when New York is considered with respect to the contrasting elements of which it is composed, its Berlin of Germans, its Moscow of Russians, its separate communities from all quarters of the globe, together with its social and moral subdivisions, its Sodom and Gomorrah of night revelry, no less than the sweetness and purity of its home life, its old Dutch conservatism and modern spirit of progress, its very complexity baffles analysis. He is indeed wise who can say he

SPELLING REFORM FOLLY.

The ruling passion for fads remains strong with the Board of Education. It is now seriously proposing to saddle phonetic spelling on hundreds of thousands of helpless pupils. The superintendents have recommended the adoption of some three hundred words which have been clipped or condensed to conform to the whims of spelling reformers, and the Board has referred the matter to a committee for action.

The recommendation should be turned down. The public schools are the last place in which to try an innovation which disturbs the foundation of elementary instruction. Every boy who is made to write thru, fixt, gript, clapt, leapt, rime, sithe, gazel, &c., and has these grotesk (!) forms fastened on him will to that extent be handicapped when he goes into mercantile or professional life.

He will be laughed out of the college classroom and the business office. Either he must unlearn what he has learned or continue to burden his memory with the two kinds of spelling.

If the reformers wish to experiment on themselves, well and good. But to force generations of school pupils to go through an orthographical wilderness for the exploitation of theories on which educators are by no means in accord is cruelty to children.

Back to the Old Stand.

By J. Campbell Cory



Why the United States Is What It Is Co-Day. §

FOOTSTEPS OF OUR ANCESTORS IN A SERIES OF THUMBNAIL SKETCHES.

What They Did:

Why They Did It-

What Came Of It.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

No. 44.-Bull Run and the First Year of the War.

is the first step that counts," or at least that counts for more than a And the first step toward ultimate conquest was made, not by the North, but by the South: 1861 was the South's year. Better trained, better

ed, better prepared in every way, the armles of the Confederacy won re Major-Gen. Butler, in charge of the Department of Virginia and North Caronna, attacked a Confederate force under Gen. Magruder at Big Bethel, May 20. 1761, and was routed. It was not a great battle, but it mortified and amazed the North; and this chagrin was increased by a similar Federal defeat at Vien-

Omo had raised thirteen regiments and Capt. George B. McClellan was promoted to the Major-Generalship of this force. Col. Porterfield, of the Confederate Army, raided West Virginia (which had cut loose from Virginia and remained loyal to the Union), in hopes of destroying the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. McClellan met and defeated him at Philippi, June 3. Gen. Robert E. Lee sought to occupy West Virginia the next month for the Confederacy, but falled. Congress authorized a further call for 500,000 men, a national loan of \$250,000,000, a further increase of the Navy

'On to Richmond' Cry Leads to

and a blockade of all Southern ports.

Thus affairs stood the middle of July. The people of the North, growing impatient and not realizing how tremendous a task stretched before their armies, clamored for immediate victory, urging the Administration to push onward to the Confederate capital and to put

speedy end to the war. The cry "On to Richmond!" became a national slogan. Impelled by it, Gen. Irwin McDewell, who commanded the army in front of Washington, moved against the main army of the Confederacy, which was en-On July 16, McDowell marched out of his camps at Alexandria and Arling-

on with about 28,000 men and forty-nine guns. The Confederate "Army of the under Gen. Beauregard, 27,833 strong, and also with forty-nine guns, lay at Manassas. Outposts of the two armies met in a skirmish at Blackirne Ford, and each side lost about sixty men. Gen. Johnstone with nine Conederate regiments joined Beauregard on July 20, and took command. The two pposing forces met, the following day, just west of a narrow, winding stream, occally known as Buil Run. A stone bridge crossed the stream, serving as a rossing for the turnpike, which led from Alexandria to Warrenton.

o the west of the bridge, was the central point of the battle.

This was the first great battle of the civil war; a battle in which more men were engaged on each side than the United States had ever before put into the eid. The Confederate force, increased by reinforcements, aggregated 31,922 men d fifty-seven guns. But the numbers actually engaged on both sides were about 00 on the Northern and between 18,000 and 19,000 on the Souther

The battle of Bull Run began in the morning of Sunday, July 21, 1861. The ederal troops acted on the aggressive. For two hours or more the fight was waged stubbornly on both sides. Then, by noon, the Northern army slowly began to beat back the Confederates. The latter's line was hammered backward ward Manassas, and the road to that place was choked with retreating me

Until 8 o'clock the wave of fortune still favored the North. As Beauregard ter said, "Our fighting line had lost its cohesion." The Confederates were gradually but incessantly forced back, and the day seemed lost to them. Every-ning pointed to a brilliant Union victory. But at 3 o'clock in the afternoon, Gens. Jackson and Hampton came up with

utnern reinforcements, as did Kirby Smith Northern army ran pell mell for Washington, streaming into that amazed city

in a disorganized, frightened rabble The Confederates were unable to pursue the flying fee to any extent, or to follow up their success by an immediate assault on Washington.

The Union losses (in killed, wounded and missing) were 2.896; the Confederate loss 1.282. The Federals lost First Great Battle

Ends in Union addition twenty-nine gurs. Thus ended the first impr

war-ended in the utter rout of the Union forces. The South had won a memorable victory, and her cause had gained great prestige

Lincoln was blamed. McDowell was blamed. Everybody was blamed. The nation was aghast, furious, incredulous. McClellan was put in supreme command of the Department of the Potomac, and in November succeeded old Gen. Scott as Commander-in-Chief of the United States armies. There was little more decisive fighting in 1861, both sides devoting themselves

leave the South and Lincoln declared the seceded States in insurrection and prohibited all intercourse with them

Everywhere it was realized by this time that the life and death struggle

Katherine Cecil Ihurston

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

have said. In that one expressive look he under- set his lips. stood all she had desired, all she had renounced— "Come!" he repeated, in the same strained

prophetic, in the dismissal. Without intention ance, she began to mount the stairs. toward each other.

to have fallen on them again.

of the city, and they gained the opposite footpath ing of the silent appeal. unraticed by the casual passer-by. Then, still | For a second she stood hesitating; then her own

turned toward Eve; he half extended his hands, to trust himself. Then, stirred by what impulse, moved by what For a space he fumbled with the lock. And Eve,

tome!" he said." "Come! This is the way, shook the door. Keep close to me. Put your hand on my arm."

He spoke quietly, but his eyes were resolutely averted from her face as they crossed the dim, silent court.

Entering the gloomy doorway that led to his W ITHOUT a sound, almost without a move- own rooms, he felt her fingers tremble on his ment, she returned his plance, and some ment, she returned his glance, and some- arm, then tighten in their pressure as the bare thing in her eyes checked what he might passage and cheerless stairs met her view; but he

the full extent of the ordea! she had consented to voice. "Come! It isn't far-three or four flights," and the motive that had compelled her consent. With a white face and a curious expression in He drew back with the heavy sense that repent- her eyes, Eve moved forward. She had released ance and pity were equally futile-equally out of Loder's arm as they crossed the hall; and now, reaching the stairs, she put out her hand grop-Still in silence she stepped to the pavement and ingly and caught the banister. She had a pained, stood aside while Loder dismissed the cab. To numb sense of submission-of suffering that had both there was something symbolic, something sunk to apathy. Moving forward without resist-

and almost unconsciously they drew closer to- The ascent was made in silence. Loder went gether as the horse turned, its hoofs clattering first, his shoulders braced, his head held erect; on the roadway, its harness jingling; and, still Eve mechanically watchful of all his movements, without realization, they looked after the vehicle followed a step or two behind. With weary moas it moved away down the long, shadowed thor- notony one flight of stairs succeeded another; oughfare toward the lights and the crowds that each, to her unaccustomed eyes, seeming more they had left. At last involuntarily they turned colorless, more solitary, more desolate than the preceding one.

"Come!" Loder said abruptly. "It's only across | Then at last, with a sinking sense of apprehension, she realized that their goal was reached. Fleet street is generally very quiet, once mid- The knowledge broke sharply through her night is passed; and Eve had no need of guidance dulled senses; and, confronted by the closeness or protection as they crossed the pavement, shin- of her ordeal, she paused, her head lifted, her ing like ice in the lamplight. They crossed it hand still nervously grasping the banister. Her slowly, walking spart; for the dread of physical lips parted as if in sudden demand for aid; but contact that had possessed them in the cab seemed in the nervous expectation, the pained apprehension, of the moment no sound escaped them. Lo-Inquisitiveness has little place in the region der, resolutely crossing the landing, knew noth-

nolding apart, they reached and entered Clifford's weakness, her own shrinking dismay, were subered involuntarily. "How gray it is!" she said, as if fascinated toward the door that showed round. "I'm afraid things aren't quite-quite right," | obediently. The sense of mystery conveyed by the

seemed shaken; his blood surged, his vision. Almost at the moment that she reached his side



"Come!" he repeated in the same strained voice. "Come! It isn't far!"

dingily conspicuous in the light of an unshaded he said in a low voice. "The door is locked and closed door weighed upon her. Her susceptibili-

clouded; the sense that life and love were still he extended his hand toward the door. The ac- key?" she whispered. "Haven't you got a key?" mingled dread and curiosity she saw the door yield within his reach filled him overwhelmingly. Its tien was decisive and hurried, as though he feared it was obvious that, to both, the unexpected and gape open like a black gash in the dingy check to their designs was fraught with danger, [wall; and with a sudden sense of desertion she "Yes, but"- He looked toward the door, "Yes" saw him pass through the aperture and heard

instinct; it was impossible to say, he let them standing close behind him, heard the handle —I have a key. Yes, you're right!" he added, him strike a match.

The wait that followed seemed extraordinarily long. Listening intently, she heard him move the dear the dear him move. Eitled with a new nervousness, oppressed by the softly from one room to the other. And at last, to At last, slowly, almost reluctantly, he turned loneliness, the silence about her, Eve drew back her acutely nervous susceptibilities, it seemed

panic. The quiet, the solitude, the vague, instinctive apprehension, became suddenly unendurable. Without replying, he drew her imperatively

He paused for a second in the shadowy door- In the first moment she obeyed him instinc-

was bereft of color; there was a look of consternation in his eyes. "Come!" he said, "Come at once! I must take you home." He spoke in a "He's dead," he said, in a very low voice. "Chil-

sity of listening she heard her own faint, irreg-ular breathing, and the sound filled her with Why?" she questioned. Her tone was low and

Then all at once the tension was relieved. Loder toward the stairs. "Go very softly," he commanded. "No one must see you here."

then he turned unsteadily, drew the door tively; then, reaching the head of the stairs, she stopped. With one hand still clasping his, the Eve stepped forward. Her glimpse of him had been momentary—and she had not heard his voice—yet the consciousness of his bearing filled her not a child. What is it? What has happened? I

with instinctive alarm. Abruptly, and without reason, her hands turned cold, her heart began to beat violently. "John"—she said below her breath.

The dearling must know."

For a moment Loder looked at her uncertainly; then, reading the expression in her eyes, he yielded to her demand.

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